

CHATTANOOGA DAILY REBEL.

FRIDAY MORNING JANUARY 30, 1863. NUMBER 151.

THE DAILY REBEL.

FRIDAY MORNING, JAN. 30 1863.

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The following verses on the "death of Zollicoffer," which have been republished without credit, were written by Harry Flash, of Mobile, now a volunteer aid of General Hardee:

On the Death of Zollicoffer.

First in the fight, and first in the arms

Of the white winged angels of glory,

With the heart of the South at the feet of God,

And his wounds to tell the story!

The blood which flowed from his hero heart,

On the spot where he nobly perished,

Was drunk by the earth as a sacrament,

In the holy cause he cherished.

In Heaven, a home with the brave and blest,

And for his soul's sustenance,

The Apostolic eyes of God,

And nothing on earth remaining.

But a handful of dust, in the land of his choice,

A name in song and story,

And fame to shout, with his trumpet voice,

Died on the field of glory!

FROM OUR ARMY IN VIRGINIA.

Special Correspondence of the Rebel.

Near Guinea Station, Va.,

Jan. 25, 1863.

DEAR REBEL: This and the preceding week, have

been the dullest and most monotonous of the winter,

nothing occurring to break the dull sameness, save the

heavy, and almost continuous pattering of the rain

drops, against the fly of the narrow little marquee

that serves as a study, dining hall, sitting

room, sleeping apartment and parlor. The rain has

actually fallen in torrents, and one can not walk

steps from his tent door, but that he comes back

muddy to the middle of his boots, and as soon as

he enters the tent, hears five or six of his comrades

exclaim, "git off the bed with your muddy boots-

don't step in the moccasins," and such. Nothing can

be more tedious than this tiresome camp, and as on

the 25th, and indulges in a couple of cups

(Richmond) sizes, and contemplates the awfulness

of his forlorn bachelor situation, he almost wishes that

every Yankee on "terra firma" was in a land where

his only ones were not uncomfortably affected with the

small of brimstone.

Since Gen'l Lee gave "our Northern brothers" such

an important lesson in the art military, on the 13th

December last, they have preserved the most studious

silence; not a gun, not a drum, nor the laugh nor

song, breaks the stillness that pervades (seemingly)

the entire army of Doodies. One thing, only one,

tends to stir up the belief of officers and men,

that there is another severe thrashing in store for

Doodle, and that is the inevitable balloon.

That worthy still follows the instincts of his kind, and

is still gassing. That balloon is to war matters as the

thermometer to the atmosphere, and to see it ascend,

is to guarantee another victory to the "Rebels."

The pickets of the two contending armies, separated

as they are, by a small river, not exceeding

250 yards in width, exchange papers daily, and also

frequently visit each other, under the understanding

that neither party is to be molested. The Yankee

pickets say that they are for peace, on any terms;

that they are tired of the war, and will not enlist

again.

That worthy lady and "camp follower," Madam

Rumer, has been more than usually busy for the last

month, and has indulged herself to an infinite de-

gree at the expense of credulous humanity.

Among the many improbable stories which she has

been instrumental in circulating, is one to the effect

that Gen'l Bragg has called for 25,000 men, and that

A. P. Hill is to be sent with his division. This has

caused a considerable inflation of home, and Tennes-

see feeling in camp, and not a few sigh and say "if

Gen'l Lee would just send us home!"

An incident happened during the battle at Freder-

icksburg which is worth telling; one of our batteries

was so situated that in firing at the enemy, the

shot passed over the residence of the affianced of one

of the gunners of the battery. As the shot tore

their way through the black mass, or burst scattering

death on every side, the young artillery would have

his hat over his head, and shout, "hat for Katie,

hurrah!"

A shell burst in a few feet of Gen. A. P. Hill,

and a piece for a away the crown of his hat; jerking

it off he exclaimed, "see, Gen. Archer, what they've

done for me!"

No braver or more gallant man, ever struck for

freedom on the swaying fields of battle, than Major

Gen'l Ambrose P. Hill, and "in Stouffer," or "gal-

lant Cheatam," never was the recipient of more

genuine love and enthusiasm, than is this gallant son

of the "Old Dominion." I must close for the present,

and wait till he Macabre "for something to turn

up" before I again trouble you "devil" with my paper

written on both sides (which I can assure him is

done through no disrespect to him.) More anon.

Yours &c., AMARUS.

DALTON WAYSIDE HOSPITAL.

This enterprise has been commenced under favor-

able auspices. A basement room in Capt. Morris'

new brick building, near the depot, has been furnish-

ed for the accommodation of our sick and wounded

friends. Those on furlough, or discharge, are cordi-

ally invited to call and refresh themselves free of

charge. Those who may be too feeble to travel, or

otherwise detained, will be furnished with sleeping

accommodations in the same building.

This is a branch of the "Georgia Relief and Hos-

pital Association," and has been thus far supported

entirely by voluntary efforts. Contributions here, as

at Augusta, are respectfully solicited. Donations in

provisions, clothing, or money, may be directed to

me, or left at the room in care of Mr. J. H. Lowery.

The following contributions are acknowledged:

From Hon. Wm. Hammond, \$5.00

Dr. F. A. Thomas, 5.00

Mrs. Wallace Phillips, sugar and coffee.

JAMES A. WALLACE,

Superintendent.

The editor of the Columbus Sun, recently on a

visit to Chattanooga, given the following experience

of his visit, in a recent editorial letter to his paper:

CHATTANOOGA, Jan. 17, 1863.

DEAR SIR: Perhaps no town in the Confederacy

has not actually fallen into the hands of the Yan-

kee influence of a more striking illustration of the de-

molizing influence of civil war than Chattanooga.

At the beginning of our national troubles, it num-

bered nearly six thousand inhabitants, and furnished an

inviting field for capital and enterprise. An exten-

sive iron and rolling mill was in successful op-

eration, turning off large quantities of the best

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THE PRESS TO BE USED IN EUROPE.

The following is one of the intercepted dis-

patches published by the Yankees:

MR. BENJAMIN TO MR. DE LEON.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,

Richmond, Dec. 13, 1862.

SIR: I avail myself of an unexpected oppor-

tunity to acknowledge the receipt of your

nos. 1, and 2. They have been read with

very interest, and you will not fail to keep

the Department fully advised of your con-

clusions as to the probable action of European

Powers, as far as their views are developed,

either through the press or other agencies.

The President has been so fully occupied

with military matters that it has been scarcely

possible for me to confer with him at length

on the matters suggested by you, and he has

not departed very suddenly for a tour in the

Southwest, where his presence was greatly

needed to restore affairs and impart renewed

energy and activity to our military operations.

On his return I will take measures to for-

ward you additional means to enable you to

extend the field of your operations, and to em-

brace, if possible, the press of Central Europe

in your campaign. Austria and Prussia, as

well as the smaller Germanic Powers, seem to

require intelligence of the true condition of

our affairs, and of the nature of our struggle

and it is to be hoped you may find means to

act with efficiency in moulding public opinion

in these countries.

The bearer of this goes in part to complete

arrangements for more prompt communication,

and I hope that for the future my dispatches

will reach Europe more regularly and promp-

tly. Your obedient servant,

J. P. BENJAMIN,

Secretary of State.

Edwin de Leon, Esq., care of Hon. John Sil-

dell, &c., Paris.

DEPARTERS.

HEADQUARTERS C. S. FORCES,

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., JAN. 6th, 1863.

The following named men of the following com-

panies and regiments have deserted from the

posts in the district of Chattanooga:

FROM CAMP PAROLED PRISONERS.

Names. Rank. Co. Regiment.

W. H. Laper private, D. 7th Miss.

Leander " " " " "

James Leonard " " " " "

M. S. Kirkland " " " " "

A. S. Johnson, sergt. private, E. 34th Ga.

J. C. Holt " " " " "

S. F. Craig " " " " "

George Fugill " " " " "

G. M. Murry " " " " "

J. T. Blackburn " " " " "

John Miller " " " " "

William Pat " " " " "

Henry Mooney " " " " "

N. W. Jarney " " " " "

M. N. Champin " " " " "

W. J. Tunley " " " " "

Dennis Turner " " " " "

L. A. Walder " " " " "

J. S. Moore " " " " "